

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF "CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,"  
"CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE," &c.

NUMBER 541.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1842.

PRICE 1<sup>d</sup>.

## SOME IDEAS RESPECTING SELF-ESTEEM.

THE utility of a just self-respect, in maintaining right conduct and protecting against undue aggression, is sufficient evidence of the wisdom of Providence in planting this as a primitive feeling in human nature; but perhaps there is none of the human faculties of which the disproportions allowed to individuals occasion such a striking variety of manifestations. Let the following two cases speak for themselves:—

Some years since, whilst walking with a respectable merchant in the town of Hull, my attention was attracted by a short, dirty, little fellow, with coat worn at the elbows, shoes that had never been made to fit him, and a remnant of a hat, placed on the dexter side of his head. He was strutting in a most ridiculous manner, with his hands in his pockets, and with the air of one who evidently thought very highly of himself. As we passed him, he bowed somewhat haughtily to my companion, and, in a patronising tone, said—"How do you do, George?"—when, to my surprise, the rich merchant responded, in a similar strain and manner, thus—"Ha! Bill—how are you?" On my inquiring who this little eccentric creature might be, I was told—"That he was too proud to work, but that he would take money from those whom he condescended to call his friends and equals; that he never slept in a bed, but chose, as his dormitory, hackney coaches, hay-lofts, or any place of easy access, where nothing was expected for the accommodation; that he occasionally obtained 'voluntary contributions' by spouting pieces from plays to the company of tap-rooms; and that he had been engaged to exhibit his histrionic powers with a company of strollers, before some rural admirers of the drama, in barns, &c." My informant added—"Spurzheim should see his head; for if he has not a large bump of self-esteem, there is not a particle of truth in his science." My own attention being thus directed to this person, I took every opportunity afforded by my temporary sojourn to obtain some little more information about him. Sometimes I met him walking arm in arm with a smart officer from the garrison—the one with a fine laced coat, and all the gay trappings of the military man, contrasting with the torn and shabby habiliments of the other; sometimes he might be seen fastening on some professional man, and if he did not talk very learnedly, he did very loudly. Every one seemed to humour and encourage his absurdity, and to derive amusement for themselves from his consummate pride and most ridiculous egotism. He was called "General Davies," but his real name I never heard. This cognomen he had been known by for many years; for, so early did he manifest his inordinate self-esteem, that, when a boy, his contemporaries, imitating the loyalty of their parents, formed themselves into a local militia, and this Davies, the poorest lad among them, would be nothing else than "general;" and whether to be amused with his eccentricity, or because he showed an overbearing manner to the juvenile soldiers, true it is that he held the rank he aspired to, and has retained the title ever since.

The other case is one of a comparative deficiency of that true estimate of self which is essential to give tone and vigour to the mental faculties, rendering them useful to others as well as to ourselves.

Mr Jenkins was a very accomplished general practitioner, having read hard, and attended all the lectures with diligence and attention, yet he never succeeded in his profession; and this arose from there being something in his manner which destroyed all confidence: he was hesitating and wavering, as if he had had no decided opinion on any subject, or

any experience to warrant his forming one. When he was called to attend an invalid, his deficient self-esteem was too obvious not to be matter of comment and reflection to the most commonplace minds. When asked a question, instead of speaking in the first person singular, he would either answer—"We are informed that these symptoms indicate such a form of the disease;" or, "The best medical writers assert so and so," &c. This want of dependence on his own judgment marred his success, and often excited a feeling of contempt for his mental qualifications in those who decide from mere manner, or whose own acquirements were but superficial. If his professional brethren thought more favourably of his knowledge, they would express their pity for him, which had a tendency still more to degrade him, so far as the public was concerned. Nor could it be otherwise; I have often seen him in a sick-room look as if he did not know what to do. If asked the nature of a disease, or the treatment he thought necessary to subdue it, instead of giving the querist a direct answer, he would turn to some non-professional person, or to the nurse, and say—"Don't you think it is so and so?" &c. Often, in common every-day affections, instead of relying on his own information and details of practice, being well qualified to do so, he would say—"I think it would be better to call in Dr — for his opinion:" hence, if the patient recovered, the latter had the merit of the cure; but if the disorder terminated fatally, then the practice of poor Jenkins was implicated, and his indecision and want of self-confidence made a subject of severe animadversion and detraction. So that, instead of rising in public estimation, the longer he was in business, as is generally the case, he retrograded; and death to him was a fortunate event, sparing him from further and worse sufferings from the pity or contempt of the public.

These anecdotes show forcibly how independent pride is of circumstances. Many recognise pride only in fine clothes, fine accommodations, and fine equipages and retinues; but those who enjoy such things are often of genuinely humble nature, from their chancing to be endowed with little self-esteem, and only are surrounded with elegances through the favour of fortune; while, on the other hand, individuals in humble circumstances are sometimes found to be inspired with the most extravagant self-esteem. The pride of General Davies is no solitary instance. The philosopher whom my Hull friend referred to, first had his attention drawn to this section of our mental organisation by a beggar at Vienna—a man who had been born in respectable circumstances, but, being too proud to work, had sunk into the lowest of all conditions. This man walked with precisely the same air as a particular councillor of the emperor who was known to be excessively proud; and this was what first attracted the notice of the philosopher. The union between pride and poverty is a thing familiar to the world—that between affluence and the true spirit of humbleness and gentleness has been much less remarked, but is not less a truth. The first is one of the most difficult of all things to deal with. Humble wealth might lick the dust beneath the feet of proud poverty, without soothing or conciliating it. When to the first is added the spirit of rudeness, it becomes utterly insufferable—for instance, the greater pride of Diogenes in trampling on the pride of Plato; or such an effusion as the following, addressed by the late William Cobbett to the Bishop of Winchester:—"Bishop—I have some remarks to make on the letters above mentioned, and I think proper to address these remarks to you; because, in the first place, you

have great power and possessions in that part of the kingdom in which I was born; in the next place, because you are an author, and therefore one of us.

For these reasons, I address myself to you upon this occasion; and, for the same reasons, I shall treat you with very little ceremony, though you have three palaces, and are the lord of perhaps more than twenty manors. In your pamphlet above alluded to, you complain that there is among the people a want of proper respect for superiors; but I am your superior. I have ten times your talent, and a thousand times your industry and zeal. From my pen have gone forth twelve sermons; and more than a hundred and fifty thousand (taking each singly) copies of these sermons have actually been printed and sold; and there are now more of them (in a volume) sold every year than the total amount of the sale of any single sermon that you, or any of your clergy, ever sent from the press. There is not one of these sermons which has not, in my opinion, done more to mend the morals of the people than all the sermons that you ever wrote or ever preached, or that you would be able to write or preach to the age of Methuselah. Who, then, best deserves the palace and park that overlook my native town of Farnham—you or I? Put your hand to your heart, bishop, and answer this question." Such persons think they are acting with proper spirit, when they are only indulging, without rational restraint, one of the most selfish of their feelings.

Self-esteem is as independent of gifts and attainments as of worldly circumstances. Many an author of the poorest quality have I met with, who had a far higher opinion of himself than ever could be traced in the late Sir Walter Scott. I lately encountered one who had yet published nothing, but had prepared a work which he designed to publish, and for which he expected a success infinitely transcending that of any production of the present age. He held all the masters of his art, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, &c., in the greatest contempt, and, to do him justice, he was deeply and exactly conversant with all their defects, on which he insisted in eloquent terms. He made no secret of his expectation to place himself far above them all. His book has since been published; but no individual of the insensible public has ever bought a copy, and not a single review has thought it worthy of notice. Sitting in the critical chair generally brings out the self-esteem of literary men in the strongest light. In the humblest works that pretend to review literary productions, one shall find men, known through private channels to be of no consideration themselves, pronouncing judgments on good authors with an air of not only superior wisdom, but of something like superior nature—as, for instance, in the following passage, which is a genuine extract from a review which appeared a few years ago in a provincial periodical, being probably the production of some person of not the least note. The book reviewed was a new volume of an encyclopædic work; and the writer makes reference, it will be observed, to a former counsel, which had not been attended to. "This is the way," says our critic, "in which we thought the author should have treated his subject; and we urged it the more, because we believed that he was well able to treat it so. If he will not take our advice, which we give in all kindness, he must be contented to take his place in the crowd of mere collectors, instead of joining the ranks of men of science." I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my mouth, &c. It is perfectly delightful to contrast this arrogance with the humility of the great fictionist of our times. Scott had remarkably little self-esteem, and, on the contrary, a great deal of the submissive and venerative

feeling, which seems to be its opposite. He never once, perhaps, in his whole life, made an unprompted observation on his own works. On the other hand, he over-estimated the productions of others, inasmuch as to wring from Mr Constable the well-known exclamation—"Give me as many as possible of the books that Scott writes himself, but save me from the books which he recommends!" See, also, in his "Lives of the Novelists," what more than justice he has done to all his predecessors in prose fiction. Certainly, whatever might be Scott's faults—and there has not lately been any tendency to extenuate them—an envious or detractive spirit was not of the number.

With nations the same rule holds good. The Greeks were proud, and called all other nations barbarians. In their case, if ever, the feeling was justifiable; but it flourishes equally where it is only ridiculous. I insist not on the case of the Chinese, who certainly have made some advance in arts and letters, as compared with their neighbours. But observe the Chippeweyans of North America, who call themselves exclusively "The People," whilst they designate all other nations by their particular country—or the Esquimaux, who term themselves *Innuce*, or Mankind, and look to Southampton Island as a place full of wretched savages not worthy to be considered as of the same species. The Caribs had an equally high conceit of themselves; and now, poor creatures, not one of the race exists.

Self-esteem is the leader sentiment of human nature. No one who has had opportunities of observing a family of young children, can have failed to distinguish the particular one, whose superior self-esteem made him the self-constituted lord over the rest. In a group of village children, there is always in like manner one who seems naturally to become the leader. So it is also in gangs of poachers, or of banditti, and in savage tribes. Generally, in these instances, superior intellect or physical power aids in giving the ascendancy, but not to a great extent. A wide distinction between such associations, and those which exist in civilised and peaceful communities is, that in the latter, self-esteem is less, and superior qualification more, the cause or source of a governing power being vested in any particular person. There it often happens that the ruler or functionary has much less self-esteem than the obscure malcontent who employs himself in finding fault and creating disturbance. Indeed, it is very frequently this simple feeling which causes disaffection; it is indisposed to submit, and would itself fain be master. Often has the king, who walked from his inauguration with his crown on his head and his robes on his shoulders, borne a humbler heart than the demagogue who stood in the kennel and railed at him. Espartero, the Regent of Spain, is a remarkable example of a man raised to supreme power by natural qualities and the favour of circumstances, while possessing little of that faculty which almost solely constitutes the leaders of rude communities. I have been informed by a gentleman acquainted with him, that his manner in coming into a room of state, where all are prepared to pay him obeisance, presents a striking example of the shambling, diffident demeanour of men who have little self-esteem; inasmuch that the vice-regal character sits rather awkwardly upon him. At the same time, of the firmness of Espartero there can be no room to doubt, from all that we see of his government.

The meanness of which pride is sometimes found capable, is a very remarkable feature of human character. We see it make men become absolute beggars, in order to avoid the supposed degradation of a useful calling. We see it make the proud high-born put up with almost every kind of unseen humiliation incidental to poor circumstances, and even become the on-hangers of those who despise them, rather than taint their name and their ideal dignity by condescending to merchandise. Haughty dogs do verily contrive sometimes to sit down to amazingly dirty puddings. For example—what, though it occurs in a fiction, we cannot but deem a genuine trait of life—the willingness of the Hidalgo, in *Guzman d'Alfarache*, to stomach the remains of a supper actually begged by his half-starved valet! This is a phenomenon more easily accounted for than might be at first supposed. Pride, in such instances, creates such a perfect assurance of the impossibility of self-degradation, that it allows itself to do any thing.

We return to repeat the remark, that the true use of self-esteem in the human constitution is to give that sense of self-respect which tends to maintain right conduct and repel unjust aggression. We should therefore only deprecate any great extreme of this feeling; whilst, at the same time, reflection will convince us that no great actions can be performed without a proper sense of pride—that every real and sound friend of his species—those, for example, who have suffered for their advocacy of the great principles of civil and religious liberty—must have had self-esteem, or truth would have been sacrificed in deference to established opinions, and the best and soundest principles would have been immolated on the altars of selfish prejudice. The proud conscientious man is sure to act honestly. We should therefore only deprecate pride when its all-engrossing tendencies swallow up the better faculties, and when it exercises a fearful potency over every action, rendering the possessor overbearing, immoral, and ignorant. Such a one we may dread to associate with under any circumstances, because no moral consideration will restrain the un-

mollified yearnings of his animal propensities. Every action is instigated by selfish considerations. If any one should offend such an individual, he holds a judicial proceeding, and constitutes himself both judge and jury, and there is no appeal against his verdict; and we be unto the poor wight who is in the power of such a person, as summary and vindictive punishment is sure to be inflicted. But if the mental court of a proud man is regulated by a cultivated intellect and a sound code of morality, then a righteous judgment may be expected. The appellant will have a patient hearing, and every mitigating circumstance will be investigated; motives will be examined, and justice will be done, from the decision being dependent on the evidence which may have been submitted, and not merely on impulsive sensations of personal wrong.

#### GOLDEN HAIR.

GOLDEN hair, or any thing having a pretension to rank under that name, is extremely rare now-a-days among the sons and daughters of men. Yet it has been much talked of. All the old poets, Greek and Roman, are fond of adorning their heroes and heroines, more particularly the latter, with tresses of this brilliant hue. Was the attribute more common in those days than now? Probably not. The number of real and historical characters who have been decorated by nature with golden hair, appears to be very limited indeed. One of those so endowed was Lucretia Borgia, the too famous daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and a renowned beauty in her time. The truth of the matter is put beyond all doubt, by the preservation of one of her tresses in the Ambrosian Library of Milan. Leigh Hunt tells us that he possesses a single hair from this tress, stolen by a "wild acquaintance" from the valued relic. "On the envelope," says Mr Hunt, whom we must allow to speak for himself here, "my wild acquaintance put a happy motto—

'And beauty draws us with a single hair.'

If ever hair was golden, it is this. It is not red, it is not yellow, it is not auburn; it is *golden*, and nothing else; and though natural-looking too, must have had a surprising appearance in the mass. Lucretia, beautiful in every respect, must have looked like a vision in a picture—an angel from the sun. Every body who sees it, cries out, and pronounces it the real thing. Wat Sylvan [Mr W. Savage Landor], a man of genius, whom I became acquainted with over it, as other acquaintances commence over a bottle, was inspired on the occasion with the following verses:—

'Borgia, thou once wert almost too august  
And high for adoration—now thou'rt dust!  
All that remains of thee these plaits enfold—  
Calm hair meandering with pellucid gold!'

We are tempted to think that we have found another authentic case in the work called the *Memories of the Somerville*—a curious family memoir written by a Lord Somerville in the reign of Charles II. The entire passage in which the notice occurs may be extracted, as presenting what we think a very delightful description of individual and real beauty. It relates to the wife of the author, born Martha, daughter of Bannatyne of Corehouse:—"It is proper in this place to give a description of her person and qualifications, both being excellent; to begin with the first, at her age of fyfteen compleat, she attained to her full height, which was soe farre above the ordinary stature of most women, that she was accounted amongst the tallest of our nation, but soe as that diminished nothing of her handsomenesse, every part answering thereto; her visage was long, her nose high, her brow bent and smooth as alabaster, her chin and cheeks somewhat full, with a little read, especially in hott weather; ther was nothing boor soe litle proportion with the rest of her body as her hand and foot, both being extremely litle, but weil shapen, whyte, and full of flesh; her skin was smooth and clear, but what was covered, not soe whyte as I have seen severall of her complexion that was purely sanguinean; her hair being of a bright flaxen, which darkened as she grew in age, added much to her beauty, wherein ther was no blemish, her mean being answerable to that, and her persons gave occasions to these that saw her at church, or any other public meeting, to ascert she graced the place and company where she was. It has often been observed, that when this gentlewoman walked upon the street (which was but upon occasions, being better employed at home), that the eyes not only of the men, but also of these of her own sex, was upon her, soe farre as ther sight could serve them, admiring her parts and handsomenesse. If any should question the truth of what I have written concerning the person of this young lady, ther are thousands yet alive both in Clidesdale, wher she was born and brought up, and lived some years when in a married estate, and in Mid-Lothian, her residence therofir, wher she lived some threttene years, and therin dyed, that will give the same testimony of her persons, features, and beauty.

For the induements of her mynde, ther wer answerable to the excellency of the cause, as being of a quick apprehension, strong judgement, a ready deliverie, albeit she had a litle haugh [hesitation] in utterance, which was soe farre from making it unpleasant, that it graced her speech, and was very taking with these she conversed with; in a word, she was pious towards

God, obedient to her parents, loving and submissive to her husband, and obdging to the meanest of his relations; indulgent towards her children, frugal in caring for her familie, charitable to the poor, and courteous to all persons whatsoever."

We have mentioned that the Greek and Roman poets were liberal in ascribing golden locks to the favourite creations of their fancy. Our own poets have been so also; as, for example, Chaucer, who says of a lady that appeared to him, and won his heart, in a dream—

"For every hair upon her head,  
The sooth to say it was not red;  
Nor yellow, nor yet brown it nas,  
Methought most like to gold it was."

Collins, in his fine personification of Hope, gives her, it will be remembered, a head ornament of the kind under consideration—

"And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair."

A contemporary of his, the writer of the ballad of *Gil Morris*, as printed by Percy, confers this magnificent ornament on his hapless hero, contributing to the engaging effeminacy of the picture—

"His hair was like the threads of gold  
Drawne frow Minerva's loome;  
His lipps like roses drapping dew,  
His breath was a perfume."

But to take the words of dreaming poets on such a subject is not our purpose here, and we therefore proceed to give another of the few historical and authentic instances of the occurrence of golden hair which we have met with in our course of reading. It is that of Beatrice Cenci, an Italian lady, whose deplorable story has been made the subject of a tragedy by Percy Bysshe Shelley. "Beautiful exceedingly" in all respects, Beatrice had also the ornament of golden hair. The manuscript which narrates her fate thus describes her:—"Beatrice was of a make rather large than small. Her complexion was fair. She had two dimples in her cheeks, which added to the beauty of her countenance, especially when she smiled, and gave it a grace that enchanted all who saw her. Her hair was like threads of gold; and because it was very long, she used to fasten it up; but when she let it flow loosely, the wavy splendour of it was astonishing. She had blue eyes, very pleasing, of a sprightliness mixed with dignity; and in addition to all these graces, her conversation, as well as all that she did, had a spirit in it, and a sparkling polish, which made every one in love with her. She was then under twenty years of age." Shelley himself saw the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, and says—"Her hair is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape and fall about her neck."

Burns's "Lassie wi' the Lint-white Locks" could not, we suspect, make any pretensions to a place among the golden-haired. No modern poets, in fact, say much about golden hair, and this is perhaps a sign that truth is insinuating itself, of late days, even into poetry. Any one, however, who wishes to see a fine description, in fiction, of a golden-haired girl, may turn to the experiences of Richard Taylor (story of Mary Anne's Hair), in the early numbers of *Tail's Magazine*, where the supposed possession of such an ornament is turned to fine account. We have heard of several cases of girls in humble life, who had hair of the hue of gold, and received considerable sums, every year or two, by selling the surplus quantity. We believe, indeed, that, in the palmy days of female wigs, such sales were not uncommon.

#### PROFESSOR JOHNSTON ON THE RELATION OF GEOLOGY TO AGRICULTURE.

SOILS being formed (by weathering or natural dissolution) out of the rocks on which they rest, their character, with a regard to the purposes of the agriculturist, depends on the constitution of those rocks. It therefore becomes of great consequence to know the constituent materials of rocks, as well as their arrangement and geographical situation—a branch of knowledge which falls within the department of the geologist. We find the relation which thus subsists between geology and agriculture briefly, intelligibly, and most convincingly explained in a small treatise\* recently published by Professor Johnston of Durham, a young cultivator of science, who seems to delight in turning his studies to a practical account, and for whom, if we are not greatly mistaken, there waits an enviable reputation in and out of his country. Mr Johnston's treatise gives also a view of the relations of chemistry to agriculture; but this is a subject on which we have often before addressed our readers.

The first lesson in agricultural geology is, to observe how rocks are disposed on the surface of the earth. Let this be briefly stated for the sake of the altogether ignorant. Some rocks exist in great mountainous masses—forming in reality the bulk of huge mountain ranges—and in these nothing like the bed-structure or stratification is to be traced. They are, in fact, the ridges or upper parts of masses which stretch to an unknown distance into the earth. Upon the sunk parts of these rocks rest others, which take the form of layers, beds, or strata; all of them distinguished by peculiar constitutional characters, but each kind found in a certain place in an invariable

\* Elements of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.



order of supposition; some one or other being at the surface, sometimes with the flat side lying along, sometimes with the edge presented upwards; all under the superficial stratum in the order being probably present below, and all those higher in the order being absent. Where a stratified rock, or a certain kindred group of stratified rocks, lies for a great way flat, or comparatively flat, as is often the case in extensive valleys, one character of soil obtains over a large surface; in other places, the beds lying more or less edgewise, we may pass over various characters of soils in the space of a short walk. It is further to be observed, that as the dust of one kind of rock is liable to be washed or otherwise transported, in whole or in part, to a distance from its native seat, it may sometimes happen that a soil is not strictly of the character which might be argued from that of the subjacent rock; but it is generally so; and such cases as those are to be held only as exceptions, against which the skilled agricultural geologist requires to be upon his guard.

Now, all rocks whatever are formed of a limited range of materials; and what makes them so different from each other is simply their having the materials in different proportions, or in having individually some of the materials and wanting others. The materials of some are much better calculated than others to form a soil which will be productive or improvable. Hence, when we know the rock below the soil, we may form a tolerably confident augury as to the value of the soil for purposes of rural economy. Mr Johnston very justly remarks—"If the agricultural geologist be informed that his friend has bought or is in treaty for a farm or an estate, and that it is situated upon such and such a rock, or geological formation, he can immediately give a very probable opinion in regard to the agricultural value of the soil, whether the property be in England, in Australia, or New Zealand. If he knows the nature of the climate, also, he will be able to estimate with tolerable correctness, how far the soil is likely to repay the labours of the practical farmer; nay, even whether it is likely to suit better for arable land or for pasture; and if for arable, what species of white crops it may be expected to produce most abundantly. These facts are very curious, and illustrate beautifully the value of geological knowledge—if not to A and B, the holders or proprietors of this and that small farm, yet to enlightened agriculturists, to scientific agriculture in general. To those who are now embarking in such numbers in quest of new homes in our numerous colonies, who hope to find, if not a more willing, at least a more attainable soil in new countries, no kind of agricultural knowledge can at the outset—I may say, even through life—be so valuable as that to which the rudiments of geology will lead them. Many who prepare themselves [as they think] for becoming farmers or proprietors in Canada, New Zealand, or in wide Australia, leave their native land without a particle of that preliminary practical knowledge which would qualify them to say, when they reach the land of their adoption—"On this spot rather than that, in this district rather than that, will I purchase my allotment; because, though both appear equally inviting, yet I know, from the geological structure of the country, that here I shall have the more permanently productive soil; here I am more within reach of the means of agricultural improvement; here, in addition to the riches of the surface, my descendants may hope to derive the means of wealth from mineral riches beneath." And this oversight has arisen chiefly from the value of such knowledge not being understood—often from the very nature of it being unknown, even to otherwise well-instructed practical men."

We shall now briefly run over the characters of the soils of the different rocks, partly using Mr Johnston's language and partly our own.

Commencing with the uppermost rocks, and going downwards—the *Tertiary Strata*, which exist near London and some other parts of England, but are wanting in Scotland and Ireland, are "stiff, almost impervious, dark clays," chiefly fitted for pasture, unless in the lower beds, which, being mixed with sand, produce an arable soil. The upper beds of the *Chalk* make a poor soil, chiefly serviceable for pasture; the lower make a good corn soil. So fully is the superiority of the lower beds acknowledged, that in some parts of Suffolk, where the former prevail, they bring soil from the lower beds in Kent by sea, to strew over their lands. "The *Green Sand*, 500 feet thick, consists of 150 feet of clay, with about 100 feet of sand above, and 250 feet below it. The upper sand forms a very productive arable soil; the clay impervious, wet, and cold lands, chiefly in pasture; the lower sand is generally unproductive. It is an important agricultural remark, that where the clay (plastic clay) comes in contact with the top of the chalk, an improved soil is produced; and that where the chalk and the green sand mix, extremely fertile patches of country present themselves. The *Wealden Formation* is only good where the marls and limestones, partly composing it, come to the surface.

Of the *Oolite*, so conspicuous in England, the *Upper* is only good "where the sandy limestone beds rest upon and are intermixed with the clay." The *Middle* gives good arable land where the limestones happen to abound; the pure clays are heavy to work, and

chiefly fitted for pasture. Of the *Lower* it may also be said, that the predominance of the sandstone and limestone is requisite to create a good arable soil. The *Lias*, being a pure clay, is chiefly for pasture.

The *New Red Sandstone* formation [by formation is meant a kindred group of strata] "consists of red sandstones and marls—the soils on which are easily and cheaply worked, and form some of the richest and most productive arable lands in the island. In whatever part of the world the red soils of this formation have been met with, they have been found to possess in general the same agricultural capabilities." The soil of the *Magnesian Limestone* bears naturally a poor pasture, and is only capable of being improved into arable land by "high farming."

"The *Coal Measures* [another term for a group of strata], from 300 to 3000 feet thick, consist of beds of sandstones and dark blue shales (hard clays), intermingled (interstratified) with beds of coal. Where the sands come to the surface, the soil is thin, poor, hungry, sometimes almost worthless. The shales, on the other hand, produce stiff, wet, almost unmanageable clays—not unworkable, yet expensive to work, and requiring draining, lime, skill, capital, and a zeal for improvement, to be applied to them, before they can be made to yield the remunerating crops of corn they are capable of producing. To the *Millstone Grits*, of 600 feet or upwards in thickness, the same remarks apply. They are often only a repetition of the sandstones and shales of the *Coal Measures*, forming in many cases soils still more worthless. Where the sandstones prevail, large tracts lie naked, or bear a thin and stunted heath; where the shales abound, the naturally difficult soils of the coal shales again recur. These rocks are generally found on the outskirts of our coal-fields.

The *Mountain Limestone*, 800 to 1000 feet thick, is a hard blue limestone rock, separated here and there into distinct beds by layers of sandstones, of sandy slates, or of blue shales like those of the *Coal Measures*. The soil upon the limestone is generally thin, but produces a naturally sweet herbage. When the limestone and clay (shale) adjoin each other, arable land occurs, which is naturally productive of oats, yet, when the climate is favourable, capable of being converted into good wheat land. In the north of England, a considerable tract of country is covered by these rocks, but in Ireland they form nearly the whole of the interior of the island.

The *Old Red Sandstone* varies in thickness from 500 to 10,000 feet. It possesses many of the valuable agricultural qualities of the *New Red*, consisting, like it, of red sandstones and marls, which crumble down into rich red soils. Such are the soils of Brecknock, Hereford, and part of Monmouth; of part of Berwick and Roxburgh; of Haddington and Lanark; of southern Perth; of either shore of the Moray Firth; and of the county of Sutherland. In Ireland, also, these rocks abound in Tyrone, Fermanagh, and Monaghan; in Waterford, Mayo, and Tipperary. In all these places, the soils they form are generally the best in their several neighbourhoods; though here and there, where the sandstones are harder, more siliceous, and impervious to water, tracts, sometimes extensive, of heath and bog occur.

The *Upper Silurian system* is nearly 4000 feet in thickness, and forms the soils over the lower border counties of Wales. It consists of sandstones and shales, with occasional limestones; but the soils formed from these beds take their character from the general abundance of clay. They are cold, usually unmanageable, muddy clays, with the remarkably inferior agricultural value of which the traveller is immediately struck, as he passes westward off the Red Sandstones of Hereford on to the Upper Silurian rocks of Radnor. The *Lower Silurian* rocks are also nearly 4000 feet in thickness, and in Wales lie to the west of the Upper Silurian rocks. They consist of about 2500 feet of sandstone, on which, when the surface is not naked, barren heaths alone rest. Beneath these sandstones lie 1200 feet of sandy and earthy limestones, from the decay of which, as may be seen on the southern edge of Caermarthen, fertile arable lands are produced.

The *Cambrian system*, of many thousand yards in thickness, consists in great part of clay slates more or less hard, which often weather slowly, and almost always produce either poor and thin soils, or cold, difficultly manageable clays, expensive to work, and requiring high farming to bring them into profitable arable cultivation. Cornwall, western Wales, and the mountains of Cumberland, in England—the high country which stretches from the Lammernuir hills to Portpatrick, in Scotland—the mountains of Tipperary, and a large tract on the extreme south of Ireland; on its east coast, and far inland from the Bay of Dundalk—are covered by these slate rocks. Patches of rich, well-cultivated land occur here and there on this formation, with much also that is improvable; but the greater part of it is usurped by worthless heaths and extensive bogs.

The *Mica Slate* and *Gneiss systems* are of unknown thickness, and consist chiefly of hard and slaty rocks, crumbling slowly, forming poor thin soils, which rest on an impervious rock, and which, from the height to which this formation generally rises, are rendered more unproductive by an unpropitious climate. They form extensive heathy tracts in Perth and Argyle, and on the north and west of Ireland. Here and there only, in the valleys or sheltered slopes, and by the

margins of the lakes, spots of bright green meet the eye, and patches of a willing soil, fertile in corn."

Mr Johnston draws the following conclusions:—  
"1. That some formations, like the *New Red Sandstone*, yield a soil almost always productive; others, as the *Coal Measures* and *Millstone Grits*, a soil almost always naturally unproductive. 2. That good—or better land at least, than generally prevails in a district—may be expected where two formations or two different kinds of rock meet—as when a limestone and a clay mingle their mutual ruins for the formation of a common soil. 3. That in almost every country, extensive tracts of land, on certain formations, will be found laid down to natural grass, in consequence of the original difficulty and expense of working. In raising corn, it is natural that the lands which are easiest and cheapest worked should be first subjected to the plough; it is not till implements are improved, skill increased, capital accumulated, and population presses, that the heavier lands will be rescued from perennial grass, and made to produce that greatly increased amount of food for both man and beast which they are easily capable of yielding."

In addition to the varieties of rock already specified, there is a kind of what may be called an eccentric character, as far as arrangement is concerned, being found in masses and thin partitions amongst and bisecting other rocks, into which positions it has apparently been thrown in a molten form from below. This is *Trap Rock* (basalts and greenstones). In granite, felspar, the parent of clay, unites with quartz; in trap, with hornblende, in which there is much lime, magnesia, and oxide of iron. Granite soils are generally unfruitful; and the plains below mountain ranges of this rock are often unfruitful also, in consequence of being overspread with the drift of the felspar clay. But a trap soil, from its containing (through the hornblende) so much of the "inorganic constituents" which plants require for their healthy sustenance, proves generally more productive. In some instances, as in the Scilly Isles, the granite contains hornblende also, and is thereby rendered fertile.

We trust that this scanty outline of the agricultural characters of the various rocks will be sufficient to inspire a wish in many minds to study the subject more deeply. It is clearly one of the greatest practical importance, and particularly so to all who have occasion either to purchase or lease land, whether in this country or the colonies. We could not well, indeed, over-estimate the importance of either geology or chemistry to those whose business is with the soil. All such persons ought to give their minds in some measure to both studies. We observe that Professor Johnston has afforded opportunities of doing so in a series of lectures, in which the subjects are treated more largely than in the present volume, and which are published at a cheap rate. But even this small pocket manual may be sufficient for the purpose with a large class of minds, as it presents both subjects in a remarkably clear manner, without any scientific difficulties or details that could tend to occasion the least perplexity.

#### PLEASANT PROCEEDINGS AT A FACTORY.

THE masses of factory population, growing, as they do, beyond the reach of many of the established moral agencies, have formed a remarkable problem in our national condition for many years past. Alarms of a most extravagant nature have been entertained on this subject, as if factory people were something different from other human beings—utterly destitute of that element of good which, resting in human nature itself, is the true conservative principle of all society. For our part, we neither can regard the factory population as so much of an anomaly as some writers have represented it, nor can we believe that there would be so much difficulty as some apprehend in making the factory and its neighbourhood a scene of happiness and refinement. Whitfield brought good feeling from the rocky hearts of the colliers of Kingsdown by one or two sermons: who can despair of right moral influences while the subjects of the experiment wear the human form! Already, several most encouraging experiments have been made upon the factory population. We shall not here discuss which is the best kind of influence that can be exerted amongst them, but we can show that at least one kind, whatever be its relative merits, has been tried with good effect. We allude to the already partially known proceedings of the Messrs Greg at Bollington, in Cheshire. Two letters from Mr S. Greg to Mr Leonard Horner, Factory Inspector, which were printed for private circulation, contain a most interesting as well as modest account of these proceedings, though not to a very recent date, the first letter having been written in 1836, and the second in 1838. We shall endeavour to present a condensed and connected view of the contents of these letters.

Mr S. Greg states, that he and his partners commenced business at Bollington Mill in 1832, and by 1834, had the works in full operation. They had no theoretical views as to the capabilities of their people, but they seem to have entertained genuinely kind feelings towards them. Mr S. Greg was sensible of the moral evils of the condition of factory people—as low company, neglect of home and domestic duties, frequenting of public-houses, and seeking for pleasure in vulgar and brutalising amusements of various kinds.



He also felt strongly the need for an improvement in their manners towards each other. On this last point he makes some remarks, in which we most cordially concur:—"The gentleness, the tenderness, the delicacy, the patience, the forbearance, the fear of giving pain, the repression of all angry and resentful feelings, the respect and consideration due to a fellow-man, and which every one should be ready to pay, and expect to receive—what is all this but the very spirit of courtesy?—what is it but the very spirit of Christianity? And what is there in this that is not equally an ornament to the palace and the cottage, to the nobleman and the peasant?" Mr Greg likewise perceived that the low habits of many of the factory men are but forms of the evils of their condition. He sought deeper for the sources, and found these, as he believed, in the "having nothing to supply that want of our nature which demands recreation after toil, as well as toil to give relief to recreation; nothing to occupy the thoughts, which insist on being occupied with something; nothing for him to pursue who is by nature an animal of pursuit; nothing innocently to engage the affections which absolutely refuse to be left void. This," he continues, "is the real evil—the foundation of the mischief."

\* \* \* This want of resource and recreation is not to be supplied by mere intellectual pursuits. There are many whose minds are not sufficiently cultivated to avail themselves of these: they have little or no taste for them, and yet are quite capable of being made very worthy, sensible, respectable, and happy men. Resources must be provided of sufficient variety to supply the different tastes and capacities we have to deal with."

These were Mr Greg's principles, as far as he had any besides the benevolence of his nature. We shall now see what he did. "For the first two years I was almost entirely occupied with the mill itself—building, making reservoirs, erecting an engine, putting in shafting and machinery, preparing gas-works, &c., and in collecting about us the requisite number of hands. In doing this, I endeavoured, as far as possible, to find such families as I knew to be respectable, or thought likely to be so, and who, I hoped, if they were made comfortable, would remain and settle upon the place, thus finding and making themselves a home, and losing by degrees that restless and migratory spirit which is one of the peculiar characteristics of the manufacturing population, and perhaps the greatest of all obstacles in the way of permanent improvement among them. Partly with this view, and partly for the sake of giving them innocent occupation for their leisure hours, we took three fields lying in front of the cottages, and between them and the mill, and broke them up for gardens, which we divided with neat hedges, and gave one to every house. Each garden is about six rods, and they are separated from each other by a neat thorn hedge. Besides these, most of them have a little flower-garden in front of their houses, or behind them; and the houses themselves have been made as comfortable as their size and situation would allow.

In the spring of 1834, the mill being then nearly completed, and a numerous population settled on the spot, I thought it time to establish a Sunday school for our children, as there was no school in the neighbourhood to which they could conveniently go, or which could afford accommodation to so large an increase of numbers as those our little colony could supply. I first mentioned my wish to a few of our elders, who I thought most likely to engage in such an undertaking. They received the proposal very gladly, and offered their services in the management of the school, if we could succeed in establishing it. We then called a general meeting of all the men in the mill, laid our plan before them; and as they all entered warmly into the scheme, and many proffered their services in the prosecution of it, we at once drew up our regulations, formed our committee, appointed some of the teachers, and opened the school, I believe, the next Sunday. We were for some weeks obliged to hold it in a cellar, for want of better accommodation; and we found many more children willing to attend than we had the means of providing room for. I was at this time, however, occupied in making a school-room near my own house, and when this was finished, the girls, who were the most numerous, took possession of the new building, and left the cellar for the use of the boys.\* From that time the school has continued to flourish and increase in numbers. The girls' school now contains about one hundred and sixty children, and the boys' one hundred and twenty. Each school is under the management of a superintendent and a certain number of teachers, who give their services gratuitously, and relieve each other by dividing the work in such a manner, that each teacher is only obliged to attend every alternate or every third Sunday. They consist of men and young women entirely belonging to the mill. I take, myself, no active part in the management of the school, farther than spending an hour or two every Sunday in the room, and making such suggestions to the superintendent as I think necessary, which, if he approves of them, are at once adopted; or, if they involve any important change, are proposed at the next meeting of the teachers, which takes place every month; and which, in conjunction with the committee (a distinct body, however), transacts all the business relating to the school. The officers, such as the

superintendent, treasurer, and secretary, are chosen annually by the body of the teachers, and the committee is appointed in the same manner. The superintendent of the girls' school, who is the head of the whole concern, and to whose zeal and exertions its success hitherto is mainly to be attributed, is himself, during working hours, one of our dressers, and labours in the ranks as humbly and diligently as the lowest of his fellows; but when the week's work is done, and Sunday morning rises to make the operative as free as his master, this worthy man assumes his long, black, clerical coat, puts on a broad beaver, grasps his walking-cane, and is at once metamorphosed into a Methodist minister, a superintendent of the Sunday school, a spiritual friend and pastor among his neighbours, and the most important and honoured man in our whole community.

We celebrate the anniversary of the establishment of our school, by a general meeting and procession of all the children, on some Sunday in the month of June. They assemble in the morning with their teachers in my garden, and many of the parents come to share the pleasures of the scene. It is, indeed, a beautiful sight—at least to our eyes; and when they join together in singing a hymn, and the little silver voices of the younger children are heard mingling with the manly tones of their elders, and the deep bass of the accompanying instruments, we all pronounce our music to be excellent, and think no choir of a cathedral could be better.

As soon as the Sunday school was fairly established, and no longer required my immediate attention, I began to think of establishing games and gymnastic exercises among the people. With this view, I set apart a portion of a field near the mill, that had originally been designed for gardens, and taking advantage of a holiday and a fine afternoon, I called some of the boys together, and commenced operations. We began with quoits, trap and cricket balls, and leap-frog; and as I saw that many others soon joined us, and our playground continued to fill more and more every evening it was opened, I gradually introduced other games, and established a few regulations to preserve order, assigning a particular part of the playground for different games, and appointing certain individuals to distribute and preside over them. The girls and boys each took their own side of the field, and generally followed their games separately. The following summer, I erected a swing, and introduced the game called *Les Graces*, with bowls—a leaping-bar—a tight-rope, and afterwards a see-saw. Quoits are generally the favourite game of the men—the hoops and tight-rope among the boys—and the hoops and swing with the girls. The last is in perpetual requisition. With the hoops, the boys and girls now play a good deal together, and I encourage this companionship, as being extremely favourable to the cultivation of good manners, kind feelings, and perception of their proper place and relation towards each other. When we first began these games, this was a thing that had yet to be learned, and instances of rudeness and improper conduct did occasionally occur; but as I made a point of being always present on the ground, and gave our young ones to understand that I wished my leaving it to be the signal for the breaking up of the party, I had the opportunity of observing any breach of good manners or good temper, and gradually succeeded in breaking them into my system. We are now near the close of the third summer since the playground was opened; and during this season, I have not once had to remark upon any breach of order and decorum. Indeed, the system is now so well understood among us, that I no longer feel it necessary to be present during the games, though I generally am so, because I enjoy them as much as any of the party; and it is one of my chief opportunities of social intercourse with the people. The playground is open only on Saturday evening or holidays, during the summer.

In the autumn of the same year, 1834, we began our drawing and singing-classes. The drawing-class meets every Saturday evening during the winter, from six to half-past seven, and generally spend half the time in drawing, and the rest with geography or natural history. This class I teach myself; it consists of about twenty-five boys, and some of them have made considerable proficiency. They occupy themselves at home during the evenings of the week with copying drawings that I lend them for the purpose; and this affords an interest for their leisure hours, and an attraction to their home fireside, which it was one of my chief objects in introducing this pursuit to supply. During the summer, they continue the occupation or not, as they choose; but our regular lessons are given up, as our Saturday evenings are then spent more profitably in the playground, and we return to our winter occupations with much more zeal and relish, after a long vacation, than if they had been continued without interruption during the whole year. Some variety and change in our pursuits, I find as necessary to keep up my own interest and attention as theirs.

As soon as the drawing-class breaks up, at half-past seven, the singing-class assembles, and remains till nine. This class consists of girls and young men, to the number of twenty-eight. It is entirely under the management of the superintendent of the Sunday school, who meets them once a week during the winter to teach them their different parts, and then brings them on Saturday evening to our large school-room, where they practise all together. We confine our-

selves, for the present, to sacred music, singing in four parts, and, with the assistance of two instruments, make what we think very tolerable music. This class is very popular, especially with the girls, and it is considered a great privilege to be invited to join it.

One of the most successful of our plans, and the most effectual in civilising the manners of the people, has been that of having regular evening parties during the winter. The number at these parties is generally about thirty. They consist chiefly of the elder girls and boys, generally an equal number of each. They come by special invitation, a little printed card being sent to each, on which is written the day and hour when the party will take place. Much of the distinction shown to the guests depends on this *individual invitation*; and it is part of my plan to show as much respect as possible to those whom I invite to join our society. I do not invite all promiscuously; and among so many as we employ there are necessarily some who, on my system, have never been at a tea-party at all. I put those on my list whose manners and character mark them as in some degree superior to their fellows, or those who, I think, with a little notice and encouragement, and the advantage of good society, may gradually become civilised and polished; and I take care that no family that has any members of the proper age, who are tolerably respectable, shall be entirely left out, especially if they attend the Sunday school: so that, out of about three hundred people who are employed in the mill, and also live in our own colony (for many who work in the mill live at a distance from it, and these it is almost impossible to introduce into our circle), I think my list of eligible guests amounts to about one hundred and sixty. Of these, however, the superior ones—the aristocracy of the place—are invited more frequently than others, both because the presence of some of these is absolutely necessary to make the party go off well, and because I wish to show my sense of their merit by more than ordinary attention and respect.

These parties are held in the school-room, which I have fitted up handsomely, and furnished with pictures, busts, &c., and a pianoforte; and as it is close to my own house, the accommodations necessary for refreshments and amusements are easily supplied. Before the guests assemble, books, Saturday magazines, or drawings, are laid on the tables; and with these they amuse themselves till tea is brought in. The tea and coffee are then handed round to the company, and they continue to chat with me or with each other, and keep up a very tolerable amount of conversation till the meal is ended. I go about from one table to another, and always find several among the company who are not only able to ask a question and answer one, but to keep up conversation in a way that I think would surprise you. I never address myself to the whole company at once, and avoid, as much as possible, all unnecessary restraint or formality, endeavouring, as far as the case admits, to carry on the party as if it were held in my drawing-room, and consisted of my own friends and equals in society. After tea, we fall to our games, which consist of piecing maps or pictures, splicans, chess, draughts, building houses of cards, phantasmagoria, and several others of less note; while those who do not play amuse themselves with reading, or discussing the news of the week or politics of the colony. Sometimes we have a little music and singing; and towards the end of the evening, we rouse ourselves with Christmas games, such as, tierce, my lady's toilet, blind man's buff, &c. &c.; and soon after nine, I bid them good night, and they disperse.

I should have told you that there is a little ante-room attached to the school-room, where the guests deposit their hats, bonnets, &c., and where there is a good fire; so that, after their evening walk, they come into the room dry and comfortable, and are generally dressed with a neatness and propriety, and even good taste, that do them great credit. The boys and girls sit at different tables during tea; but in the course of the evening, the ranks are generally broken, and many of them join each other in their different games. The parties I have just described consist of the elder girls and boys of our colony. Occasionally, however, we have a junior party. These are generally the most pleasant ones, as the little restraint that is somewhat requisite among the elders is here voted unnecessary and out of place, and there is much more laughing, fun, and merriment among us. These parties take place about once in three weeks during the winter, on Saturday evening; the drawing and singing class being given up for that day.

In the autumn of last year, I established some warm baths in our colony, which have been brought into very general use, and have contributed materially to the health, comfort, and cleanliness of the people. The bathing-room is a small building close behind the mill, about twenty-five feet by fifteen. The baths, to the number of seven, are ranged along the walls, and a screen about six feet high, with benches on each side of it, is fixed down the middle of the room. The cold water is supplied from a cistern above the engine-house, and the hot water from a large tub, which receives the waste steam from the dressing-room, and is kept constantly almost at boiling temperature. A pipe from each of these cisterns opens into every bath; so that they are ready for instant use. The men and women bathe on alternate days, and a bath-keeper for each attends for an hour and a half in the evening. This person has the entire care of the room, and is an-

\* We have now, however, built a very good school-room for the boys.



swearable for every thing that goes on in it. When any one wishes to bathe, he comes to the counting-house for a ticket, for which he pays a penny, and without which he cannot be admitted to the bathing-room. Some families, however, subscribe a shilling a-month, which entitles them to five baths weekly; and these hold a general subscriber's ticket, which always gives them admittance to the room. I think the number of baths taken weekly varies from about twenty-five to seventy or eighty. During the first four months (from November to February inclusive), the average was about seventy-five weekly. I pay the bath-keepers two shillings and sixpence, and two shillings a-week; and I believe this amount has been more than covered by the receipts. The first cost of erecting the baths was about eighty pounds.

The above plans, with our library, day-school, band, and flower-shows, are all that we have yet [1835] set on foot in our colony, as the time which has elapsed since we commenced is short; and I do not think it is desirable, even if our progress were more easy, to go on too fast with such schemes of improvement as those I have attempted. Many of them were at first mere experiments, and I was obliged to feel my way cautiously, that I might not throw my labour away, or run the risk of doing harm instead of good by what I undertook. But the more I have done, the more I see may be done, and ought to be done; and as I have better understood the characters of those I have had to work upon, and succeeded in developing their capabilities, the more have I been convinced how much both may yet be elevated and improved."

#### MRS CALDERWOOD'S TRIP TO THE CONTINENT.

THE MAITLAND CLUB—an association for privately printing curious manuscripts of former times—has recently given birth to a quarto entitled "The Coltness Papers," consisting of various memorials of the Stuarts of Coltness, a respectable family in Lanarkshire, recently terminated in the main line. The bulk of the volume is occupied by a narrative of a tour from Scotland to the Low Countries in 1756, by Mrs Calderwood of Polton, a sister of the Sir James Stuart who was one of the earliest British writers on political economy. A remarkable flow of intellectual vitality has characterised this family from its progenitor, Sir James Stuart, Provost of Edinburgh in 1648-50, down to the present times, and Mrs Calderwood seems to have had her full share of the inheritance. "To read English ill and plain work" were then the sum of a Scottish gentlewoman's education; spelling had not taken its place amongst the virtues; and any one who was acquainted with Pope, Swift, and Addison, was most likely to show her wisdom by saying nothing on the subject. But the less education that existed, natural talent seems to have had just the greater chance of ripening into a certain piquancy, such as the disciplined intellect perhaps rarely exemplifies. We see this strongly in Mrs Calderwood, whose narrative, though written only to amuse a daughter left at home, is full of pointed racy remark, keen sense, and a very considerable amount of humour, of the character of that of Smollett. We are the more disposed to introduce it to the notice of our readers, that it is a curious and instructive record of contemporary characters and circumstances.

Mrs Calderwood travelled with her husband, who seems to have been an indolent good-natured man, one or two young people, and a servant, John Rattray, whose remarks, in broad Scotch, she is fond of commemorating. The reader will probably be surprised at her commenting on political matters, questions as to agricultural improvement, and so forth; but we find that she took sole charge, at home, of both the family estate and its political influence, and was successful in both departments. It was on the third day that the party reached Durham, where Mrs Calderwood was surprised, as it was Sunday, to find boys playing at the ball in the piazzas of the cathedral. She asked a girl if it was customary for the boys to play at ball on Sunday; to which it was answered—"They play on other days as well as Sunday." The girl's mother, again, who showed the cathedral, seemed to think Mrs Calderwood an outlandish heathen for not understanding the use of the hassocks placed in the seats. In those days travelling was travelling, not locomotion; we must not therefore be surprised that, betwixt Doncaster and Bantry, a highwayman approached their carriage, and was only beaten off by a stratagem of John Rattray. Mrs Calderwood seems to have everywhere asked questions; but she was vexed to find that few people knew any thing beyond their own immediate concerns—a remark which the Scotch are still apt to make respecting the English. "In our first day's journey in England, I asked the post-boy to whom the lands on each hand belonged? He said—'To Sir Carnaby.' I knew who he meant; and to try him, asked, 'what Sir Carnaby, or what other name he had?' but he answered—'Just Sir Carnaby, who lived yonder,' and that he had never inquired the surname of the man on whose ground he was born." The journey from Edinburgh to London seems to have required six days. Mrs Calderwood makes this general remark on the surface of England:—"It is easy to be seen who has been long in peaceable possession and who not; for, till you come to Newark upon Trent, the farthest ever the Scots

went into England, the improvements are not of old standing, nor the grounds don't seem to be of great value; they use them mostly for the breeding of cattle and sheep." Another of her observations savours strongly of the Scottish Presbyterian:—"I think the Cathedral of Durham is the most ridiculous piece of expense I saw, to keep up such a pageantry of idle fellows in a country place, where there is nobody either to see or join with them, for there is not place for above fifty folks besides the performers." With the following, which is called forth by a reference to the large, many-horsed waggons used in England, there will probably be less dispute:—"It is surprising how much nonsense I have heard spoken by folks who would introduce English customs into Scotland, without considering the difference of the two countries. I must own I saw very little new to me but what I could plainly see was calculated for the particular situation of the country, and could never answer for general use. It has always been my opinion, that the fault-finders are the folks who want judgment, and not the people whose practice they quarrel; for time and experience have taught every part of every country to follow the method most agreeable to its soil and situation." Mrs Calderwood incidentally mentions that the wages of a labourer in a rural district—and she seems to hold the case as a general one—were a shilling a-day, which she considered high.\*

In London, she thought meanly of the brick houses, admired the vast number of fine horses, and found the noise of vehicles intolerable. A fortnight elapsed without her having seen any of the royal family; and for this she gives as a reason—"I found, as I approached the court and the grantees, they sunk so miserably in my opinion, and came so far short of the ideas I had conceived, that I was loath to lose the grand ideas I had of kings, princes, ministers of state, senators, &c., which I suppose I had gathered from romance in my youth. We used to laugh at the English for being so soon afraid when there was any danger in state affairs, but now I do excuse them. For we at a distance think the wisdom of our governors will prevent all these things; but those who know and see our ministers every day see there is no wisdom in them, and that they are a parcel of old, ignorant, senseless bodies, who mind nothing but eating and drinking, rolling about in Hyde Park, and know no more of the country, nor of the situation of it, nor of the numbers, strength, and circumstances of it, than if they had never been in it. Lord Anson, he sailed round the world; therefore he must rule all naval affairs: which is just like a schoolmaster imagining himself qualified for the greatest post in the law, because he understands the language in which the law is wrote." \* \* The king, every body says, and I do believe it, knows more of the world, and takes more concern, than any of them. It is reported he cried when he read Byng's account of his actions, and said, 'Who can I trust?—or upon whom can I depend?' At Kensington, "I could not see the private apartments of the old goodman [the king], which they say is a great curiosity. There is a small bed with red curtains, two satin quilts, and no blanket, a hair mattress; a plain wicker basket stands on a table, with a silk night-gown and night-cap in it; a candle with an extinguisher; some billets of wood on each side of the fire. He goes to bed alone, rises, lights his fire, and mends it himself; and nobody knows when he rises, which is very early [George II. was then seventy-three], and is up several hours before he calls any body. He dines in a small room adjoining, in which there are very common things. He sometimes, they say, sups with his daughters and their company, and is very merry, and sings French songs, but at present he is in very low spirits. Now, this appearance of the king's manner of living would not diminish my idea of a king: it rather looks as if he applied to business."

On the way to embark at Harwich, Mrs Calderwood seems to have gone deep into the statistics of Essex calf-feeding. Her description of the packet, with its two bed-surrounded cabins, full of miscellaneous company, all of whom got sea-sick, is a droll though coarse picture. "Marinassa, the opera-dancer, was in the company, and a companion of his, a Swiss, who was either a singer or a dancer, we could not know which, for he sung very ill, and did not look as if he could dance." On the company being landed at Helvoetsluis in a Dutch boat, the charge of a shilling of fare raised a stormy quarrel, which, as the parties understood nothing of each other's language, became a good representation of the confusion of Babel. Mrs Calderwood could make out nothing but a certain phrase of execration, "which, to the honour of the English, has become a part, and I think the only part, of the universal language so much wished for." She and her friends proceeded in a waggon to Rotterdam, where they lodged at the *Syn's Hooft*, "which, being interpreted, signifies the swine's head. This house was kept by a Frenchman and a Dutch frowe of the first magnitude." Then we have a vast number of particulars about Dutch streets, canals, houses, and so forth, none of which would be new to our readers—except, perhaps, one, which certainly is eminently absurd:—"If any street runs a-squint the town, then all the houses run a-squint in the fore wall, and every room is two feet longer on one side than the other." She remarks, that the Dutch do not use their own fine

Delft ware, but "ugly pewter," nor the ladies the fine chintzes of the country, but English cottons; and adds—"Providence has certainly wisely ordered, for the greater correspondence amongst mankind, that every country should despise its own produce or manufactures." We have been rather surprised to find Mrs Calderwood describing, as a thing new to her, the custom of having a hole through the wall beside the outer door for a bell-pull.

Our tourist thought the Dutch solid and rational, and more ready of understanding than the English. She was struck by their behaviour on Sunday. "They almost all wear black to go to church, and you would take them for so many Seceders, they put on such a Sunday face, and walk as if they could not look up. No sooner is sermon over but they fall to feasting, drinking, and dancing." Their toleration astonished her, and she could not understand how the men in authority should not endeavour to suppress Popery. Magistrates would even order orphan children to be brought up in that profession, if it had been so appointed in the marriage-contracts of their parents. Travelling in the waggon from the Hague to Amsterdam—in which conveyance they found several men of consequence—they met a youth who had been in England. "He said he could not understand the pleasure the English took in horse-races and cock-fighting, such cruel diversions, but said, what things folks were accustomed to, they did not reflect upon the cruelty of them; for, when he was in England, a gentleman whose house he was at desired him to show him the way of dressing a water-scutchy. 'I took,' said he, 'the perches alive, and scraped them with a knife, for otherwise the scales do not come off.' 'Oh!' cried the Englishman, 'there never was such a cruelty, to scrape the fish alive!' 'Are you not as cruel,' said I, 'who can take such pleasure in tormenting a poor cock for your diversion?' 'Truly,' says the Englishman, 'I never thought of that before.' 'Nor,' said I, 'of the pain it gives the perches.'"

"Every thing is dear in Holland," says Mrs Calderwood, "but East India goods and charity. A beggar is well satisfied with a doit, which is the fourth part of a halfpenny, and I believe our beggars judged ill in destroying the doits, for every body gives, and doits come to a great deal. There are two of the corners at Rotterdam where the ramparts are not joined by bridges, and there is a boat by which you are ferried over for a doit, and these two doit-boats bring into the town's treasury near a hundred pounds sterling per annum each." This is a good illustration of what the present age has recognised as the cheap principle.

Mrs Calderwood discourses largely on the ceremonies of the Catholic places of worship, and the monastic establishments of the Low Countries. At Liege, she went with her friends to the Scots Jesuits' College, where she found several descendants of those who had exiled themselves with James II. One Maxwell, from Dumfriesshire, was a fine tall venerable figure; but another of the inmates was of a different character. This was Daniel Mackenzie, a native of Inverness, who had been a smuggler, or, as she insists on interpreting it, a pedlar, in his own country, and was a proselyte. "As for my friend Father Daniel," says the satiric lady of Polton, "he is a good-natured, innocent, obliging soul, very ugly and very merry. He is just a Scots pedantic scholar, and was always snuffing, out of curiosity, about every sort of religion to see what it was, and what this folks' set of tenets were, and upon what they had founded their differences from others upon. Had he been bred a divine, he would at this time have been a member of the presbytery of Dunfermline, or perhaps Mr Jamieson's pastor at Kennoway; but as he was bred a smuggling merchant, or perhaps a packman, he walked twenty miles to hear Mr Whitfield, Mr Ebenezer Erskine, &c.; and after satisfying his curiosity about them, he fell to trying what sort of cheese the Catholics set their traps with; and, as he was snuffing about that, I suppose he found that a life of study and idleness could be had without an estate, or so much as a farthing, none of which the others had offered him. His being a proselyte gained him an easy admittance, and there he lives at his ease, and labours at logic and what not to his heart's content. I do believe, poor creature, he has not a wish beyond finishing his studies and becoming a professor; he has three years of study yet to come. The students are kept very strictly to hours and rules, and are held at an awful distance from the old fathers. Daniel asked leave to attend us, and obtained it, to his great joy; he looked always, when he came, like a dog wagging his tail for gladness to get out."

At Spa—to reach which, in order to visit her exiled brother, the Jacobite Sir James Stuart, was the object of Mrs Calderwood's journeying—they lived in a lodging with a number of Scotch friends, where the landlady cooked for them. "We often got good sport with John's French, and the mistakes that happened betwixt him and her. They wanted to have a baggis; but John said, we must set our hearts bye that, for he had seen nothing like meal in that town. That day Mr Calderwood had bid the landlady get him some honey; so, when she was counting with John at night, there was an article for *mid*. 'Meal!' says John—

\* A passage in Allan Ramsay shows that labourers were then to be had in Edinburgh for exactly half the sum.

\* For those who have the misfortune not to know what a baggis is, let it be stated, that it is a pudding of oatmeal, mixed with spice, minced suet, and meat, and boiled in one of those articles from which puddings originally took their name.



'deil a grain have I seen in your country; no, no, madam—no, no,' and shook his head. Upon this, she came to Mr Calderwood, who put John right, and told the woman what he had mistaken it for; upon which she produced meal, to the great joy of the company, who, by this mistake, got a haggis. I asked John one day how they called the maid of the house? 'I don't know,' says he, 'how they call the women servants here, but they call us men *dumbsticks*.' 'Troth,' says I, 'you're really well named at present.'

The party afterwards spent a considerable time in Brussels; and it would appear from Mrs Calderwood's journal, that in that city, Spa, and some others which she describes, the English were almost as rife in 1756 as they are in these days. Some of her sketches of men and things are very curious. She speaks of the distributions of food at the monasteries, as making many of the poorer classes depend upon charity instead of work; while the practice of mendicancy by the religious orders themselves rendered begging so respectable, that it was extensively resorted to. 'You would be surprised to see such well-drest beggars. I believe the commons send out all their children a-begging. There are many very able to work has no other employment; you will see them standing at a door, and touting a *Paternoster* through the key-hole. I was coming up a street one day, when a very decent, well-drest man took off his hat, made me a bow, and said something softly; I imagined he had some prohibited goods to sell, and made him a curtsy, and asked him what he said, and he asked charity for two children he had: I thought as much shame as if it had been me that was begging; but having learned the way of the place, I gave him a farthing, for which he was very thankful. I very often surprised a poor old body whom I see working a stocking, or doing anything of work kind, by giving them a packet, which is three-pence halfpenny, at which they clap down on their knees, and pray in Latin till you are out of hearing. The Latin prayers have cost me several pence, for the bairns are so fond of making them pray, that all the copper money was lawful prize whenever they got their hands over it, so that they never set out without half a dozen at their tail. I asked somebody who knew, why there were folks in such good dress begging! They said it was the fashion over all this country for people to travel for nothing, and any body who could afford to go in a carriage, if they had business from one country to another, never thought of money to bear their charges, but begged every thing they got; and the folks on the road had learned to think themselves obliged to feed and lodge them for nothing, just as the *lases of Moffat* think themselves obliged to carry the men over the waters.'

Amongst the English at Brussels, they met one whose mode of life is worth relating. He was a Mr Hope, a near relation of Lord Holland, and had enjoyed a patrimony of £1500 a-year, which he ran through in his youth, all but a wreck, affording him an annuity of between thirty and forty pounds. 'He came abroad, travelled about from place to place till he had forgot his misfortunes, and some years ago he settled here. He has a room which he furnished for himself, and this room is his whole house. He maintains himself in every thing without boarding, dresses his own meat, buys every thing for himself, and requires no assistance from any body. In the forenoon, he puts on his frock and goes to market, and is Mr Hope's man; in the afternoon, he is very genteelly dressed, with a sword (which nobody can stir over the door without here), and is Mr Hope himself. His acquaintances say, that sometimes they see him pretty often, and sometimes not once in six months; that, I suppose, is just as he is in the humour, for he lives entirely to his own taste, and subjects himself to nothing that is not agreeable to him. It seems he was in a visiting humour when Sir James [Stewart] was here last winter, for he came to him often, and I got a letter to him from Sir James, but it was several weeks before I could find him. At last I got a letter conveyed to his hand, and have had one or two short visits of him; he is one you must not press or invite, because he says he has a great deal to do, and cannot give up his time to others. His house is at one end of the town, and he has a garden at the other, to which he goes several times a-day, and works it himself, and is, they say, very curious in this particular. He keeps the hours of this country, and dines at twelve o'clock. However, as I suppose he took a fondness for Sir James, he dined with him often; but then, he must show he was so much on a footing that he must dine again with him, so invited him and several others to a very genteel dinner, which he had dressed himself; notwithstanding which, there was he, dressed out, and the dinner upon the table, ready to receive them at the time appointed.'

We must now part with Lady Polton, as the complaisance of her own country would call her; but, before doing so, we may present a general conclusion at which she arrives on the subject of travelling and foreign manners. 'The proper use of it [travelling] is to learn to set a just value upon every country, and the things they possess; and I believe, when accounts are balanced, the favours of Providence are more equally distributed than we rashly imagine; what one country wants another can supply, which links men into one common society; and it is curious to observe the contrivances they fall upon to supply those wants [which] either cannot be purchased, or are too expensive for the generality. The people on the continent

have their minds more at large with regard to the rest of the world than those in an island; they have opportunity of converse with all nations, which takes off prejudice, except when it is political, and even then it does not extend to individuals. Their behaviour is politer, because they are often among strangers, and it makes just the same difference betwixt them and us, as it does on the same man when he is in company and at home; he is the same man in head and heart when he is entertaining a great visitor, as he is when lolling at his own fireside.'

#### THE LOBSTER-POTS.

THERE wasn't a widow in the parish of Kilkettle to come near the Widow Wade. She had a handsome cabin, a good slip of a garden at a low rent, a cow and a calf, a sweet pig-stye, and a sweet face; to say nothing of a sweet temper, now that her husband, poor Thady Wade, was dead. She had, I had almost forgotten to mention, a stout yawl, and made a handsome thing of the lobsters she took out at Skerry Island, and sold to Green, in William Street, Dublin. It would have been a pity to forget this, since on these lobsters my story as much depends as did her income and her happiness. She had, indeed, a sort of monopoly of the Skerry Isle lobsters; and whether it was the respect borne to the memory of her deceased husband, as connected with lobsters, or the approbation of the village and neighbourhood of the perseverance with which she—though, from her sex and habits, herself precluded from taking a principal part in the capture of these *recherché* animals—pursued them, through the instrumentality of her well-paid crew, I know not; but certain it is that two rival yawls, which had been well-tarred and set on the same ground in the same line, had become successively bankrupt; and it was but seldom that a fisherman was driven to such desperation, by bad success elsewhere, as to poach upon the widow's manor of Skerry Island. There might have been other causes for this, perhaps; she retained none in her service but the stoutest and ablest-bodied of the 'boys' about 'the ground,' as this spot of ocean was termed. This circumstance also favoured her neighbours' honesty—it was retired, and far from the observation and interference of meddling witnesses; and an occasional sound drubbing to the whole of the crew of a rival boat was an offence which, committed on the high seas, was beyond the legal grasp of the village attorney, and had to be proved by bystanders. Whether such means were ever resorted to, I have no way of knowing, nor indeed any right to inquire. Of this fact I am positive, however, that Widow Wade was exceedingly excitable on the subject of her lobster-pots; and her temper, angelic as it is stated to have been, is known to have given way at the bare mention of a good take of lobsters on the coast of Skerry Island by any other yawl than the 'Jolly Boy' of Kilkettle.

But although I have stated that lobsters formed an equal part of her income and happiness, it remains for this story to prove that the setting up of any idol in the heart brings its own punishment, in that idol itself being made the source of misery to its adorer. One fine evening three 'boys' sat on the top of a low wall built of loose stones cemented with sea-sand, between the suburbs of Kilkettle and the sea, with their faces turned towards the latter, having the rock called the Skerry Island opposite, and consequently—but this must be evident. Their names were Pat Nelligan, Jerry Green, and Billy Slattery; and their business seemed to be that of pulling down the aforesaid wall, since, according as they talked, they kept loosening the stones, and rolling them into the field at their feet. Whether they were hired for this express purpose or not, I cannot say; they seemed to take it very easily, and the occupation appeared quite subordinate to their conversation, which referred to the vested rights of the Widow Wade, and which they could not by any process of reasoning see the rights of. That night, to cut a long story short, they were to shove out the mackerel yawl after dark, and make for the 'ground' off Skerry Island, and the take was to be sent up by Billy Slattery's potato-cart, which was to quit Kilkettle before dawn the next morning for Dublin, with a load; the profits to be fairly divided between the parties, share and share alike.

The compound word, 'lobster-pot,' not explaining itself, and some of my expected readers probably living where they never heard its parts connected, except when the kitchen fire was considered an inseparable adjunct, I think it needful to explain, so far as to say that it is not the vessel in which the fish is to be boiled that is let down into the sea to catch him; on the contrary, the 'pot' preliminary—pot the first, as it may be termed—is a sort of trap made of stout osier twigs, of the shape and construction nearly of certain cage rat-traps, and the bait being placed within, the animal is induced to squeeze his body through some re-entering rods, which, having bent a little to facilitate his entry, present their points, with cruel indifference, to the gentleman, who, having regulated himself, expects, in common justice, to be allowed to go about his business again. The machines which act so unhandsonely towards their prey, and so cleverly for their employers, are sunk with weights to the bottom of the sea, where it is of a moderate depth, and rock and sea-weed present a likelihood of the presence of the fish—a stout line being attached to the 'jotsam' (as lawyers might

term it), thus converting it into 'flotsam,' by means of a range of corks placed along it near its other extremity, at equal distances, and which are as well the guides to the locality of the pot and expected lobsters beneath, as the means of both being hauled conveniently to the surface of the water—or, as the widow and her myrmidons would have more curtly expressed it—*ris*.

Well, then, about eleven o'clock of the night following the evening in question, a clumsy but strong-built yawl came dodging up upon the undulating surface of the sea, into a lonely and wild creek upon the north shore of the rock called Skerry Island. The cliffs of black and weather-beaten limestone rose perpendicularly out of the water to the height of between one and two hundred feet, and, in the darkness of the night, were defined no farther than by the numerous nests of sea-fowl, which, with their white inmates and white deposit, shaped out in some degree the fissures and projections of the mass. The echo caused by its vast reverberating surface in the little bay seemed asleep now, only repeating, as if in a dream, the splash of the little yawl between the seas, the stroke of her oars, and the occasional chick of a gull or gannet, as, snug in a cleft, it hinted to its companion to lie over a little. There was a snore, too, as if dame Echo drew long breaths with her mouth shut; but this must have been nothing more than the tide beginning to flow through the North Sound.

The boys knew the 'ground' well, evidently, for they pulled as straight for the lines as if there was a flag-staff to mark them.

'Now, Jerry, hold way on her,' said Pat Nelligan in a low voice, for the echo alarmed him; 'hold way till I get a grip on the line. The tide'll dhrop us away.' So saying, he went forward in the boat till he reached her bows, when he leaned forward and over the gunwale, so as to seize the line attached to the corks near its extremity.

'Hould it! hould it!' cried both the oarsmen, who now saw that he had grasped it—'hould it till we ship the oars, and riz it all together!'

'I've missed it!—shipped out betune my fingers!—make a grab at it, Billy!—you'll have it to larboard!'

And accordingly the cork, after ducking beneath the keel of the boat, emerged to the surface just under the towel-pin of Billy's oar. To seize it, and jerk it into the boat, was the work of a moment; and all three laying hold of the wet and splashing line, drew up the 'pot' safely to her side. Here the precious article was set upon with a curiosity worthy of antiquaries over a mummy-case, and examined as to its contents. They were average—a few tolerable fish, and a number of worthless fry; the latter were restored to their element, making good the remark, that insignificance is safe when eminence suffers; but the former were carefully bestowed in the bottom of the boat, after which they pulled a few strokes to the next line.

How frequently do our most pleasant exploits furnish a lash to scourge us! Little did Pat Nelligan know what a whip he was preparing for his own precious back, when he was hauling up the pots of the Widow Wade. Was not that honourable lady at that very moment dreaming of Pat? Yes, the fact was undeniable. There was a leaning that way. But the Widow Wade had pride—high and inflexible pride; and she never had told her love. If she had even given a hint, Nelligan had as soon have eaten his own fingers down to the first joint as have launched the mackerel yawl that night; he could have 'riz' the lobsters another way.

The pots were found empty the next morning by the *bona fide* resurrection-men of the deep, for the lobster-snatchers had forgotten to take bait to put down with the pots again; and it far exceeds the scope of my humble capacity to describe the state of the widowed proprietor's mind at the discovery. To say that she swore would perhaps be, in its worst sense, too much; but as near as she could shave to the third commandment she did, certainly; and her general language, I am afraid, was sadly deficient in the grace of Christian charity for some hours that morning. She hurried down the long and straggling street of Kilkettle in the direction of the harbour, discharging upon every neighbour she met a portion of that vituperation which, like vapour receiving constant accessions from the fire of wrath within her, every instant threatened to burst the machine that confined it. So we have remarked the engineer, with malicious ingenuity, contrive to time the sharp and deafening discharges of his superfluous steam exactly when passenger after passenger is closest to the nostrils of the panting monster.

'They've been at the pots: listen to that, Molly Magrath; they've been at the pots; say! Wait till the lone widdy gets down to the quay, and see what the boys'll say.'

'Whisht, Mrs Wade,' the person addressed might venture to reply, respectfully endeavouring to soothe the exasperated dame; 'maybe it was a bad night for the fish, and—'

'Bad for the fish! dad, it'll be bad for the flesh of them that's robbed me, if I come across them! And the likes of you, too, that maybe knows all about it, with your 'maybes!'

'There, Gusty Connor; they're done it at last! Not a prawn in the pots! I wonder they ever left me one—the poor lone widdy that I am! Well, alay, till I find them; and if my name's Wade, found they'll be, and in Kilmanacha, afore the week's over! I'd like to get my hand on them first; I'd comb their heads with a three-legged stool—so I would!'

These successive disclosures of the state of her mind to the various friends who lived in that part of the street



between her own house and the harbour, did not tend (as may be guessed) to allay the excitement under which she laboured, and by the time she had reached the sea-side, she had put on the full power of language. Now, it happened that just as the animated engine came smoking round the corner of the harbour-master's house, what should it come full against but the personage who has figured already so prominently in our narrative, and in the lady's dream—Pat Nelligan! She stopped short, and looking in his face for an instant, without uttering a word, at last dashed her arms into the air over her head, her hands quivering till the fingers became invisible, and then, seizing the astonished Pat's collar in both hands, she wrung his neck, and shook him to and fro as an earthquake might be supposed to shake Patrick's church, while her heart, with the single intelligible words of—"Oh, Pat!" gave way within her, like an Arctian well when the last blow is inflicted upon the rock, and gushed to the surface in a flood of tears.

What were Pat's sensations at that harrowing moment? That he was detected, known, betrayed, exposed, ruined, he of course took for granted. With one furious thought, which included in its scope the whole race of lobsters and proprietors of pots generally, he set himself to think what he had to say why he should not be forthwith committed to his majesty's jail of Kilmachra. He was, however, saved the trouble of moving in arrest of judgment.

"Pat Nelligan, if you had been there, I mightn't have been ruined this morning."

Here was a most unforeseen disclosure of affairs. Nelligan discovered that, so far from being suspected as the author of the theft, he was clung to as the injured party's most confidential protector; and, moreover, he fancied he could trace a certain coquetry in her rage, a sort of stormy badinage, which seemed to encourage him to comfort and avenge her, under the hopes of being sweetly successful.

Pat was a man; he was, moreover, an Irishman. It was therefore becoming, natural, and expedient, that he should take advantage of such a state of matters. He did so; and, to make a slight break in this eventful history, a few days had completely altered his position in life. He hoped—for he was given reason to hope—that the widow, the house, the garden, the pigs, and the pots, would all be his own, and that soon, provided—and here was the gall which the whip of his conscience touched with killing smartness—he could silence Bill Slattery and Jerry Green; but so far from doing so, he found that he must still share and share alike in their insidious adventures. This was horribly embarrassing.

"What's the matter wid ye, at all, that ye can't spake like another man?" said the pair one day to Pat. "Here's your share of the lobster-money, seven and three-half-pence; and the next time we'll take bait along wid us."

Pat Nelligan felt his heart give a small rise and then a great go down. "The next time?" he faintly ejaculated.

"Ay, Pat Nelligan, the next time," said Billy; "that's to-night—do ye mind? At one o'clock the yawl 'll be behind the keel rock, and we 'll be waitin' for you."

"Oh, Billy! oh, boys!—you wouldn't be after?"

"By the mass, we would be after the lobsters as soon as we dare; sure, arn't we safe wid you that knows when the rale yawl 'll be haulin'." You must order her out iv the way that time, any how."

To detail the expostulations of the wretched Pat, the thumping of his stick, and the sweating of his brow, would be impossible. Suffice it to say, that the intended spouse of the Widow Wade, the expectant proprietor of all the pots of Skerry Island, now found himself in the situation of one who is committing suicide of his best hopes, and robbing Pat to pay Billy and Co. The melancholy crime was perpetrated; with the indifference of despair, Pat went through the irksome duty; and, as is usually the case where there is indifference as to the result, his efforts were crowned with success; they had a splendid take, and put bait down again. The widow's "boys" had but a poor haul next day, and she was out of spirits accordingly—suffering herself, however, to be comforted by the caresses of the self-upbraiding but too charming Patrick Nelligan.

The thing was now too tempting a speculation not to be carried on vigorously by the parties embarked in it; I mean Slattery and Green, for Nelligan represented the patent discovery in the business, which was used without scruple and at convenience, and the monopoly of which proved the source of profit and success to the shareholders. He was now personating a double character: his life was passed in two distinct hemispheres; in the one he was the roaring, rollicking boy, the envy of the males and the admiration of the females; in the other he was the midnight thief, stealing from the haunts of men in the company of soundrels, and, for a paltry chance of gain, subjecting himself to the momentary chance of detection and disgrace; thus resembling the heavenly twins, one part of this Hibernian constellation being above board, and conspicuous in the firmament of Kilkettle, the other plunged as many fathoms below innocence and safety as the fish for which he sinned crawled beneath the surface of the ocean.

But what most sorely puzzled our friend, the widow, in the whole business was, how it happened that, though she and her trusty "boys" were fully aware of the constant depredations committed upon her property, not all their vigilance could detect the offenders. Every stratagem was tried, and tried in vain. A viewless unseizable arm seemed to be put boldly down night after night into the water, and empty, as if by magic, the widow's pots, leaving not a shrimp behind.

As my story draws on, it will be observed by the judicious reader how beautifully and naturally the moral works itself out; twining imperceptibly yet substantially with the web I weave, like the "rogue's yarn" in the dock-yard cables. This was the point in the Widow Wade's character which wanted to be taken hold of by the rough hand of fate, and made the means of teaching her a lesson. The woman was unobjectionable in other respects, but in the matter of lobsters she failed. They were her idol.

Pat had a queer and unsatisfactory part to act. He was placed, by the confiding love of Mrs Wade, as a watch upon the thieves, and thus given the duty of looking after himself—disagreeable at all times, but doubly so in the present instance, in which fidelity to his employer must necessarily imply injustice to his own interests. His work, too, was hard—double tides, it might truly be called. He had scarcely stepped out of the old mackerel boat, when he was into the new lobster yawl, and off to the bay again, where he was sure to find a poor take, and have to report accordingly.

The wedding-day was fixed for the morrow. The mystery of the lobster-pots excepted, there was sunshine in the Widow Wade's breast. She had got every thing ready—a new gown, a clean table-cloth, and a gallon of spirits; and hoped that the nuptials, by its ring, its punch, or some other way, might break the charm. As she sat ruminating late that evening, it occurred to her that perhaps the zeal of Pat Nelligan might induce him to be a watcher that night too; and as she had observed the effects of his vigilance apparent on his brow and bones lately, clouding the one and reducing the covering of the other visibly, she thought it time that he should have some comfortable rest: and so strongly did this wish affect her, that she at last determined to intimate her wishes to their object; but how to do this was the question. Mrs Wade, though a widow, had a maidenly bashfulness with regard to her approaching nuptials; and she could not muster courage to consign the fond message to those about her. To bear it herself, then, was the only alternative; and as Pat's cabin was not far off, and the night fine, she could, as she expressed it, "ship out unknownst;" and having only just intimated her wish (for she had high notions of propriety), return to what repose her present position might permit her to enjoy.

But as the dusky gentleman generally contrives to play those who have dealings with him a scurvy trick at last, it so happened, that on the identical night in question, Patrick Nelligan thought that he would indulge in one grand piece of criminality—the summing up, as it were, of all his sins against the peace of her who was to be his sovereign lady on the morrow; and actually, himself and his companions in iniquity, regale themselves with a feast, composed of the very materials of their plunder—or, in plain words, have a lobster-supper. At eleven o'clock that night the three companions might be seen seated round Pat's deal table, with the contents of the "pots"—now turned from black to red, as if blushing at the crime of their devourers—in profusion before them, flanked on one side by a monstrous dish of potatoes, and on the other—for Father Mathew had not then been heard of—by an equally gigantic vessel of spirits, the kettle being on the fire, and a well at the back of the premises.

"Pat, honey," said Slattery, shoving the bottle over, "you're low this night; mix a drop, it'll riz your soul."

"Ay, Pat," added Green, sending on the liquor another stage, "fish is dhry aiting."

"And whiskey's hungry dhrink," continued Billy, seizing on the body of a monstrous lobster, and, like Dirk Hatteraick, breaking it's back; "long life to Mrs Nelligan that is to be, and success to her thrade."

"Amin, this night," responded Pat, with a long and sorrowful face; "an' a mortal take iv fish to uz all this season. There's as good in the say as ever was caught."

"And room for us all at the bottom, Pat Nelligan," added Green, looking over to Slattery; "that's the bargain—isn't it, Pat?"

"Oh, by coorse, when I get the widdy to hear raison. Why shouldn't honest boys fish at Skerry Island as well as herself or her man? But give uz time, boys; them cattle's not come over in a minnit; and the widdy's mighty strong in her mind, till she's made sinesible, boys, ye know. Faith, I heard something like a voice!"

"A voice? maybe it's the widdy herself," cried Billy, with a derisive laugh, "come to look after her lobsters. By the mass, iv it is, we'll ax her in, to crack a claw wid uz."

"Well, Billy," said Pat, "iv it wasn't that we're here by ourselves, I'd take my oat' there was somebody prisint. May the cars fly off iv me, if they didn't hear a low screech not half a perch off."

"An' the place full iv the varmin'," replied Billy, again laughing contemptuously; "what 'id the rats do but run screechin' about, an' they to have such pickin's by'bye? Aisy, aisy, honey, ye're timmersome this night. Mix another tumbler—the kittle's bilin'—and tell uz what it was the widdy done to ye that mornin' at the harbour, that coaxed ye on. Ye used to be the bashful, retirin' boy, an' it 'id take a brave man to put the first word to her."

"Och, ho, ho!" cried Pat, trying to laugh, and scratching his head; "it was a quare turn, an' I never rightly understood it. Up she comes, an' I slopin' down the quay, afard iv my life iv the light on the sun, by raison of my conscience not bein' seasoned into lobster-risin' that time; and just as I was fetchin' a twist to show the saines of my stockings (for I made sure she was up to id all), what would save her, in the broad daylight, and afore the whole harbour, but up to me she comes, and throws her arms round my neck, and kisses and hugs me!" The rest of the sentence has never transpired. It was overpowered, if uttered, and interrupted, if not, by the bursting in of the door, and the apparition of no less a personage than the Widow Wade herself, who rushed up to Pat Nelligan, and uttering the same words she had originally addressed to him in the very scene he had just been describing—"Oh, Pat!"—fell on the floor before him.

If a shell with the fuses just burnt out had fallen amongst the party, it could not have caused greater consternation or more decisive effects. Billy and Jerry gazed one instant on the prostrate form of the female before them, whom they supposed to be dead, and then looked round for Pat. He had disappeared; and, not to crowd my narrative with superfluous matter, it is enough to say, that he was never more heard of in Kilkettle.

The offenders, Billy Slattery and Jerry Green, having

lost the start by half a minute, were seized by some neighbours, who rushed out on hearing the uproar; and if they did not suffer the full penalty of the sixty-third of William I., it was more likely it happened from a flaw in the indictment than from any unwillingness or inability in the witness, Mrs Wade, to give her testimony against them. But, as the direction of the public attention to such matters generally results in public good, the widow's monopoly was at an end; boats from distant villages and towns sunk their lines in the bays about Skerry Island, and though the widow continued to make as much as ever of her lobster-pots, many participated in her gains.

## THE MINT.

[From the Glasgow Herald newspaper.]

A STRIKING illustration of the magnitude of the transactions of the British empire may be drawn from the recent records of the Mint. Between the years 1816 and 1836, the money coined in it amounted in round numbers to a quarter of a million of copper, twelve millions of silver, and considerably above fifty-five millions of gold, making a total of between sixty-seven and sixty-eight millions of money sent into circulation within twenty years. Whilst we are dealing with figures, we may add, that the charge for coining this enormous amount of precious metal was nearly four hundred and twenty-one thousand pounds, and the actual cost about two hundred and fourteen thousand pounds, leaving a profit to the company of moneyers not much less in amount. Any one may send bullion to be coined; but for many years the Bank of England alone has been the medium between the foreign importer and the Mint. During the lapse of time, the sources of our supplies of bullion have been frequently changed. Time was when even England itself added silver to the other inexhaustible stores which it was for ever pouring forth from its bosom; Edward I., for instance, received no less than seven hundred and four pounds' weight of silver during the year 1296 from Devonshire; and down to the reign of George I., silver money has been coined from the proceeds of the Welsh and other native mines. The principal sources of supply at present are the mines of Peru and Mexico for both silver and gold; and from the mines comparatively recently discovered in the Russian Ural mountains, a large quantity of gold is also received. The bank buys silver at the market price, which fluctuates—gold at £3, 17s. 9d. per ounce; but it will make no purchase of gold without having first sent specimens for assay to the king's assay-master of the Mint. This is the simple history of our uncoined money generally. But there are some notable exceptions. A few weeks since, the newspapers of the day informed us that considerable interest was excited by the arrival in the borough of the first portion of the ransom payable by the Chinese nation to the British government, which amounted to two millions of dollars. It was placed in wooden chests, and filled ten waggons and carts, forming a train of considerable length, and was escorted by a detachment of the 32d regiment. The whole passed over London Bridge, and was conveyed to the bank. This money, which weighs upwards of 65 tons, was brought from China by her Majesty's ship Conway. It will, no doubt, ultimately be coined into British money; and we shall be circulating our shillings and sixpences to and fro without the slightest notion of their having once formed a part of the price of Canton—nay, for aught we know, some of them may, in their state of transformation, find their way back to the Celestial Empire, to gladden, possibly, for a second time, the eyes of some unconscious Chinese, and be treasured for their novelty in the same cabinet where they had previously been hoarded for their intrinsic value. In 1804, a somewhat similar convoy passed through the streets, which had been taken under no less memorable circumstances. Political considerations having determined the British government to commence war with Spain, a bright notion occurred to it before making a formal declaration of its purposes. A number of Spanish vessels with treasure were then expected home; accordingly, Captain Moore, with four vessels, was dispatched to intercept them. He was successful; but did not obtain possession of the prize till the Spanish admiral's vessel had blown up, and some hundreds of persons had gone to their last account.\* To the honour of the British people, their indignation was all but universal. There was one incident that did much to deepen the general impression of the affair. A Spanish gentleman was on board one of the ships, who, after twenty-five years' industry and economy in America, had realised a fortune, and was now returning to his native country, contented in its possession, and blessed with a numerous and beautiful family to share it. Before the action commenced, he, with one of his sons, went on board one of the largest ships—the better, perhaps, to assist in repelling so unexpected an attack—and in a few minutes beheld the one in which he had left his wife and his other children surrounded with flames. This was the admiral's ship, already mentioned. None of the humiliating and painful reflections attached to this case belonged to the one preceding it by some forty years, and which accordingly seems to have been marked by a very joyous sort of procession. The day was a remarkable one, being that on which the young sovereign, George III's first son and successor, was born—"Just after her majesty was safely in her bed, the waggons with the treasure of the 'Hermione' entered St James's Street, on which his majesty and the nobility went to the windows over the palace-gate to see them, and joined their acclamations on two such joyful occasions; from whence the procession proceeded to the Tower in the following order, namely—A company of light horse, attended with kettle-drums, French horns, trumpets, and hautboys; a covered waggon, decorated with an English and a Spanish flag underneath, hanging behind the waggons; two more covered waggons; seven wag-

\* This was without exception the most disgraceful affair in which the English ever were engaged, and has stamped indelible infamy on the government of the day.—Ed. C. E. J.



gous uncovered; and, lastly, a covered waggon decorated with an English jack and a Spanish flag;—in the whole, twenty waggons. The procession was concluded with an officer on horseback carrying an English ensign, attended by another holding a drawn cutlass. The escort to each waggon consisted of four marines with their bayonets fixed. The whole cavalcade was saluted by the people with acclamations of joy. On opening some of the chests at the bank, they were greatly surprised to find a bag full of gold instead of silver in one of them; several have since been found of the same kind." The treasure weighed sixty-five tons, and was valued at nearly a million sterling. In the last incident of this kind we shall mention, which occurred just a century before, the money was obtained without violence of any kind from its owners, yet not the less disgraceful was its possession. It was the purchase-money of Dunkirk, acquired by Cromwell, and so much valued by the English people, that just before the sale was concluded, the merchants of London offered, through the lord mayor, any sum of money to Charles rather than it should be lost. The offer, however, was declined. On one occasion Charles paid a visit to the Tower in person, in order to see the wealth he had so dearly purchased. Pepps had a hope of getting some portion of the treasure to pay off the naval arrears, but the king knew better how to dispose of it than on such merely national purposes.

## REFORMING A WIFE.

Mynheer van der —, who, in 1796, lived in high style on the Keizer Gragt, in Amsterdam, had a very pretty wife, who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to squander money quite as fast as her husband gained it. She was young, handsome, vain, and giddy, and completely the slave of fashion. Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more use than his own. Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant, the fascinating wife of the rich Van der —. Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined her health and reputation; and her husband, by the advice of his friend M—k—r, determined to send her for six months to a Verbatering Huisen, or house for the reformation of manners, such as is to be found in most of the towns in Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proofs of her wasteful extravagance and incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florins to tradesmen, although her husband allowed her to take from his cashier a stipulated sum every month, which was more than sufficient to meet the current expenses of his household; while, to meet a loss which occurred in play, her finest jewels were deposited in the hands of a greedy money-lender, who accommodated the necessitous, upon unexceptionable security being previously left in his custody. Her husband was full twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond, and at whose reformation he aimed before she should be carried too far away by the stream of fashionable dissipation. Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies who were invited to a grand ball and supper at the house of a woman of rank and faded character. Her husband, at breakfast, told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars. She began her usual playful way of answer, saying, "She certainly had been a little too thoughtless, and would soon commence a thorough reformation." "You must begin to-day," said her husband; "and as a proof of your sincerity, I intreat you to drop the company of —, and to spend the evening at home this day with me and your children." "Quite impossible, my dear sir," said the giddy wife in reply; "I have given my word, and cannot break it." "Then," said her husband, "if you go out this day dressed to meet that party, remember, for the next six months these doors will be barred against your return; are you still resolved to go?" "Yes," said the indignant lady, "if they were to be for ever barred against me!" Without either anger or malice, Mynheer van der — told her "not to deceive herself, for as certain as that was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified." She told him, "If nothing else had power to induce her to go, it would be his menaces." With this they parted—the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy young wife, and the latter to eclipse every rival at the ball that evening. To afford her a last chance of avoiding an ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent courses, and proposed to set off that evening for Zutphen, where her mother dwelt; but he found her sullen, and busied with milliners and dress-makers, and all the paraphernalia of splendid attire. At the appointed hour the coach drove to the door, and the beautiful woman (full-dressed, or rather undressed) tripped gaily down stairs, and stepping lightly into the coach, told the driver to stop at —, on the Keizer Gragt. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach had passed one of the city gates; the sound of a clock awoke her, as if from a dream. She pulled the check-string, but the driver kept on; she then called out, when some one behind the coach told her, in a suppressed voice, that "she was a prisoner, and must be still." The shock was severe; she trembled in every limb, and was near fainting with terror and alarm, when the coach entered the gates of a Verbatering Huisen, where she was doomed to take up her residence. The matron of the house, a grave, severe, yet well-bred person, opened the door, and calling the lady by her name, requested her to alight. "Where am I? I beseech you to tell me; and why am I brought here?" "You will be informed of every thing, madam,

if you will please to walk in doors." "Where is my husband?" she said, in wild affright; "sure he will not let me be murdered?" "It was your husband who drove you hither, madam; he is now upon the coach-box." This intelligence was conclusive; all her assurance forsook her; she submitted to be conducted into the house, and sat pale, mute, and trembling, her face and dress exhibiting the most striking contrast. The husband, deeply affected, first spoke. He told her "that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual; and when she quitted that retreat, she would be worthy of his esteem." She then essayed, by the humblest protestations, by tears and intreaties, to be permitted to return, and vowed that never more whilst she lived would she offend him. "Save me," said she, "the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my reformation." Not to let her off too soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order for her confinement, during six months! She was completely overpowered with terror, and fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she found her husband chafing her temples, and expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety. "I have been unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent, "but spare me this ignominious fate; take me back to your home, and never more shall you have cause to reproach me." Her husband, who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented, and the same coach drove her back to her home, where not one of the domestics (a trusty man-servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropped on her knees, and implored his pardon; told him the extent of all her debts, begged him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expenditure, as to make good the sums she had so inconsiderately thrown away. Allowing for the excessive terror she felt, when, instead of being driven to —'s rout, she was proceeding round the ramparts outside the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day abandoned her former career of dissipated folly, and became all that her husband wished—a good wife and an affectionate mother. —From a collection of Anecdotes.

## THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

How strange a dream it seems to me,  
To me now grey and old,  
To ponder over hours, since which  
Full fifty years have roll'd!  
But busy memory opens yet  
Her thickly crowded page  
Whose characters I still can trace  
Undimmed by toll or age.  
More vivid far those pictures be  
Than scenes more new and nigh,  
For youth's warm records, they are stamp'd  
With memory's deepest dye.  
Again I see that far-off land,  
And hear the city's din,  
And her, the gentle fair-haired girl,  
Again, in thought, I win!  
Our heritage was youth and love,  
And hope with fairy wand,  
(Ah! princes oft would change for these  
Their sceptre, gold, and land.)  
But time, which beauty makes or mars,  
Hath silver'd her fair hair  
And dimm'd her eye, yet still I read  
Affection's language there!  
Where then primeval forests stood,  
The yellow corn now bends,  
And with the nearer hum of bees,  
Yon mill's harsh music blends!  
Our grandchild's children prattle round,  
While I muse o'er our lot,  
Beneath the shadow of the tree  
I planted on this spot!  
The giant hills, which only heard  
The wild bird's lonely shriek,  
Now echo back, on every side,  
The language Britons speak!  
There's something glorious in such thoughts,  
Which banishes regret,  
Howe'er it chance that memory now  
Forbids me to forget!  
And here these aged limbs shall rest  
When death's rude grasp shall come;  
The founder of a vigorous race  
Needs no mausoleum!  
'Twill soothe that hour to know I leave  
A happy, prosperous band;  
My blessing rest upon the soil  
That is their Fatherland!

## ROYAL PREROGATIVE.

The *Athenaeum*, in reviewing Bowyer's English Constitution, makes the following remarks on this subject:—"In glancing at the chapters on the royal prerogatives and authority, it has occurred to us, that, with all the constitutional sobriety of our English lawyers, they are not far behind the magnificent flights of oriental nations, in describing the attributes of 'thrones and dominations.' We do not mean to impugn the theoretical veracity of the legal 'idea' of a king or queen of England, but simply to remark, that to add to its sublimity would be scarcely possible. The attributes of the English crown, we are told by Mr Bowyer (who merely follows preceding writers on constitutional law), are, sovereign majesty, imperial power, inviolability, impeccability, absolute perfection, irresponsibility, incorruptibility of blood, ubiquity, and immortality! The queen is not only chief, but, we are told, *sola* magistrate, all other magisterial offices being merely derivative, or deputed. She is the arbitress of peace and war, the generalissimo of the army, and the head and supreme governor of the church. Then she is also described, in the language of the most exalted poetry, as the fountain of justice, the fountain of mercy,

the fountain of honour, office, privilege. When all these truly grand conceptions are put together, they form a complex idea of monarchy immeasurably finer and loftier than any that the 'gorgeous east' has ever framed, because, in truth, approaching (peradventure rather too closely) to our idea of the Supreme Being. Omniscience seems to be the only divine quality that is not categorically predicated of the British crown, yet omniscience is evidently implied in the attribute of 'absolute perfection.' On the other hand, if many oriental titles are poetical and sublime, many are turgid and ridiculous, so that the entire *ideal* of the kingly power, where it is most unbounded, is far below the point to which it is exalted by the theoretical system of the nation, where it is most controlled and circumscribed. The king of Arracan, for example, is styled 'the possessor of the white elephant and the two ear-rings: his majesty of Ava is hailed 'brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas!' Some of the titles of the kings of Orchan are, 'a king, spiritual as a ball is round, who, when he rises, shades all his people; from under whose feet is wafted a sweet odour,' &c. The sovereign of Monomotapa is the 'great magician,' and the 'great thief!' The shah of Persia is the 'branch of honour, the mirror of virtue, the rose of delight.' By the by, the 'branch of honour' and 'mirror of virtue' closely resemble our 'fountain of honour' and 'absolute perfection,' and the 'rose' is also the emblem of England; so that we are very Persian in our royal style."

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND COLLEGE.

What can a father do? A public school is the regular thing—the fitting place for a young man of family and fortune; though your son may not acquire a greater knowledge of the classics for his three years' sojourn there, he may form acquaintances and connexions among the nobility and leading families, which, if he have but the wit to profit by, may ensure his advancement in after life. Nothing like interest and a friend at court, or rather friends. Who would send their children to Eton, Rugby, or any other public school, but for the sake of the connexions they form there? and its being considered a feather in their caps, and marking them as somebodies? "Whitehead! who is he?" inquires some impertinent puppy, with not a hundredth part of this same Whitehead's brains; and the whole party echo the sneering query. "Oh, Whitehead is a capital fellow; he was my chum at Eton," answers Lord Booby; whereupon the sneers are hushed, and the entire circle go the entire figure in Whitehead's favour, because he was Lord Booby's chum at Eton. As for the learning the boys get at public schools, it is, at the best, only like the thin scraping of butter over thick dry bread, such as is given at cheap preparatory schools, where little boys are sent who make too much noise at home. But, then, there are the friends—the acquaintances of which, as I said before, a clever lad can make so much. And as for book learning, how does that help a man on in life? No, no; it is knowledge of the world that helps a man forward; and I am up to this world and all its ways. Some people go about with one eye shut, but I always keep both wide open.—Miss Pickering's Expectant.

## THOROUGH PERSONATION.

When Garrick was in France, he made a short excursion from the capital with the celebrated Parisian performer Previle. They were on horseback, and Previle took a fancy to act the part of a drunken cavalier. Garrick applauded the imitation, but told him he wanted one thing, which was essential to complete the picture—he did not make his legs drunk. "Hold, my friend," said he, "and I will show you an English blood, who, after having dined at a tavern, and swallowed three or four bottles of port, mounts his horse in a summer evening to go to his box in the country." He immediately proceeded to exhibit all the gradations of intoxication. He called to his servant that the sun and the fields were turning round him; whipped and spurred his horse until the animal reared and wheeled in every direction; at length he lost his whip, his feet seemed incapable of resting in the stirrups, the bridle dropt from his hand, and he appeared to have lost the use of all his faculties. Finally, he fell from his horse in such a death-like manner, that Previle gave an involuntary cry of horror, and his terror greatly increased when he found that his friend made no answer to his questions. After wiping the dust from his face, he asked again, with the emotion and anxiety of friendship, whether he was hurt. Garrick, whose eyes were close, half-opened one of them, hiccuped, and, with the most natural tone of intoxication, called for another glass. Previle was astonished; and when Garrick started up, and resumed his usual demeanour, the French actor exclaimed, "My friend, allow the scholar to embrace his master, and thank him for the valuable lesson he has given him!"—*Flowers of Anecdote*.

## IGNORANCE AND ERROR.

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information, for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write, but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth, but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is, that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has farther to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance. —Lacon.

Printed and Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.  
Sold by W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; J. MACLEOD,  
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